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The Last One



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Chapter 1 by Marco Bizzaro

The air was cold, it moved about hugging the people of Istarith. The rain was snow, the sky was blank as it covered nothing but the ground beneath the mountain. The mountain was high, hard to live perhaps since the only living creatures up there were the Istariths, they woke on snow, built on stone and walked on spikes of ice. They crafted tools, as big as were needed and mined large areas of mountain to extract minerals, and building material. An Istarith was huge, flat feet and extremely large hands in proportion to their body. They wore clothes of brown, black and some the colour of crowns.

It was night, the usual frost was with the mountain. The wind was faster and stronger, it ran across the mountains imperfections like a river flowing on land. It was still bright, under the second sky.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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